

speak of the Cause to your
 to day. Not that you
 or I love it less in
 some than in for-
 but particularly far
 out of mind in
 I can have
 I feel too
 deeply with & for you now,
 he able to say one sin-
 gle word. I have undergone
 the same bereavement, &
 I know that words are
 not for such hours. I should
 not say, I have undergone -
 but I am undergoing:-
 To Elizabeth Pease Nichol.

Weymouth
 Oct 18th 1859.
 Yours profoundly
 tenderly W. W. Chapman.

for every such stroke takes
me at the moment it
falls, quite out of the
world of common life, &
makes me see every thing
in a new & higher light.
So that, at the time I do
not bitterly suffer — I only
keenly feel. This last month,
the Anniversary of my
Husband's death, I felt the
loss more sadly, perhaps than
ever before, although it is
~~separation~~ since he died.
This does not sound like con-

Solation? — Yet is it not
consoling to think, that
you shall never lose that
loving & gracious memory that
has been so sweet to you?
that on the contrary the
outlines will become more
& more distinct in your
heart? It was my great-
est trial, on my first great
affliction of this kind, to think:
— "Well — I shall live to be
old, this beautiful picture all
the while growing fainter &
fainter. If I am comforted
it will be because I forget.
I will not be comforted." And

So comforted.

I was not, and I wrote
to you, my friend the
comfort that comes of re-
membrance — and in your
case it is great, of necessity.
I wrote to-day to the "Standard"
a few lines of obituary
notice that my heart dicta-
ted. I knew only a few strong
outlines — then I followed
with faithful grief, as a duty
of survivorship in our holy
cause. I was just writing
to you about our 26th anni-
versary — just begging you to him
to write to us a letter of encourage-
ment to be read at that time.